

VOL. VII.—No. 22. EXCITEMENT IN WALL STREET.

The Bank of North America—A Defaulting Firm Overdraws \$250,000—Sudden Death of the President of the Bank, Etc.

The affairs of the National Bank of North America have been the subject of considerable discussion and comment since the death of its president, Mr. Yelverton, which occurred about 2 o'clock yesterday, and this interest developed into immense excitement in Wall Street later in the day, when a rumor was spread to the effect that a defalcation of \$250,000 had been discovered by the officers of the Bank, and that it was the shock of this discovery which caused the sudden demise of Mr. Yelverton.

The excitement continued throughout the day, and was almost solely the topic of conversation at the Exchange, gold board, and other such institutions in and around Wall Street, where the affairs of the bank were anxiously inquired into and the stability of its directors and the honesty of their dealings minutely discussed. Other rumors, which were intended to increase the public apprehension, were added to the story, and the excitement was created was only partially allayed when it was announced that, from an investigation of the facts, that there was no defalcation whatever, nor even was it clear that a fraud had been committed.

Still later in the day the directors made the following statement:—"There has been no defalcation; but the bank suffers by overdraft of a prominent broker of this city. If the entire sum lost, the surplus of the bank will not be impaired more than one-half." It was also announced that a meeting of the board will be immediately held, the books examined, and a statement signed by the officers of the bank, publishing the loss sustained, and the amount of the amount of accumulated surplus of the bank.

CHICAGO BROKER THE CAUSE OF THE DIFFICULTY.

The following facts show pretty clearly the ground-work of the rumors which created so much excitement and apprehension:—Three years ago a broker from Chicago came to this city and started business under the firm name of M. A. J. Meyer & Co., at the corner of Broad Street and Exchange place, and soon after secured an account with the Bank of North America, having been recommended by city merchants of good standing. Their business had been carried on on a large scale—at times reaching the sum of \$3,000,000 a week, but was always made good punctually to time.

From the beginning an application was made to the paying teller to certify to some of the checks of Meyer & Co., but that officer declined to assume the responsibility, as the amounts were very large, and there were no deposits of the firm in the bank. Mr. Yelverton was then applied to, and he, having the highest confidence that deposits would promptly be made to meet the checks, certified them without hesitation. He had soon cause to regret the act, for it became apparent towards the close of the day that Meyer & Co. would not meet their engagements, and his anxiety was increased still more when, on making inquiries, it was stated that the firm had been ruined by ventures in Pennsylvania stocks, and other reports said they had been ruined by the failure of another firm.

Still, although there was sufficient truth on the face of these reports to attach importance to them, nothing definite or certain could be ascertained in relation to the matter, and the anxiety produced by this suspense as to the real state of affairs, added to the fact that he had assumed the responsibility of certifying the checks, worked so severely on the mind of Mr. Yelverton, who was of a very sensitive nature, as to bring on a fit of apoplexy, of which he died a few hours after. There is not the least suspicion attached to the conduct of Mr. Yelverton, and none more regretted than his death, and his associates and the Board of Directors of the bank, all of whom speak of him in the highest manner, and repose in him the highest and most unbounded confidence.

Meyer's friends state that he did not intend to betray the bank, but that he was unable to meet his obligations in consequence of having sustained heavy losses himself; yet it is barely possible that a compromise will be effected, as there are persons in this city who are understood to have large amounts in securities in their possession belonging to Meyer & Co. Yelverton of to-day.

FROM MEXICO.

The Sedgewick Correspondence—The Liberal Government at Durango. Liberal Donations Dismayed from the Citizens—Loss of a Vessel Loaded with Arms, Etc.

THE CINCINNATI TRAGEDY.

Mrs. William McLaughlin Kills Miss Mollie Thompson for Criminal Intimacy with her Husband, After Having Formerly Forgiven Him a Similar Offense—The Career of the Guilty Pair, and the Confession of the Prisoner.

On Thursday, January 17, in Cincinnati, Mrs. William McLaughlin, residing at Baymiller Street, No. 212, caught her husband in the room of a Miss Mollie Thompson, and having proceeded thither to confirm her suspicion of their criminality, was not from the peculiar circumstances of the case, broken in doubt of the subject. In her enraged fury, Mrs. McLaughlin caught up a monkey-wrench, and inflicted severe injuries on the head of Mollie Thompson, who died the next morning. Since the arrest of the woman the following has been given as

THE STATEMENT OF MRS. McLAUGHLIN.

I do not feel that I am responsible for the death of the late Mollie Thompson. The families of Mr. Peter Thompson, who departed this life some two years ago, and Mr. McLaughlin have been in intimate terms during the past twenty-five years. My husband has seen Mollie Thompson, the daughter of Peter, grow up from childhood; and soon after her brother died, my husband said to me one day:—"Wide, my dear, is not very good, and I believe I will take a trip to the old country." "All right, William," said I; "the money you accumulate is yours, and you ought to have the privilege of its employment; therefore I would say go by all means." About a week after this conversation Mollie Thompson, who was then living with her mother in Ninth Street, came down to my house, and said to me:—"Uncle William, she always called my husband uncle, as about to pay a visit to Ireland. You know I have had a legacy left me in Scotland; suppose I accompany him on the trip? It will be a good chance for me. He can leave me in Edinburgh to see my mother's relatives, while he remains about two weeks, and when through with my business we can return." The relations between the two families were always amicable. I saw nothing wrong in the proposition, and I cheerfully consented, thinking it would be for the improvement of my husband's health, and an accommodation to Mollie. They left one year ago yesterday, with a God speed on my part, notwithstanding I felt that I should be lonely in the absence of him to whom I looked as the head of the house.

THE TRIP OF THE PAIR, AND WHAT OCCURRED.

When the train arrived in New York they sought a ship or, which to take passage, and in the course of a week I received a note from Mollie, in which she stated that Uncle had looked for a vessel, but finding none to suit, they had returned to New York, and that Mollie was there. After pondering over the letter for awhile, I thought it strange that the magnificent seaport of New York could not afford a ship of proper calibre to take my party to the Old Country. I was, however, very much surprised to find that more I thought I ought to make further inquiries about it. The result of my ponderings was that I wrote to a friend in New York to ask if my husband had sailed. In due course of time I received a reply which informed that Mr. McLaughlin, my husband, and Mollie Thompson had sailed in the Kangaroo. Of course, such treachery in those whom I had trusted shocked me not a little; but I resolved to bear up under the injury, and I shall not regret my error, and I did so, burying my sorrows in my own heart.

AFTER AN ABSENCE OF FOUR OR FIVE MONTHS they returned, when upon a convenient time I upbraided my husband in due duty, and for such treatment of me without any alleged cause; and, anxious that peace should remain in the family, I said to him:—"Now, William, this is forgiven; but let this affair stop here, and never be mentioned again." I felt that I was apparently repented, and promised no more disturbance in the future.

THE PROMISE BROKEN—WHAT NEXT OCCURRED.

During one of the early summer months, I was called upon by a man formerly in the employ of Mr. McLaughlin, who casually informed me that he was in the city, and was boarding in a house in the vicinity of the Garden of Eden. Having noticed that my husband was frequently absent at nights, the words of the man again aroused the jealous feelings in my mind, and I thought I would try to find out who the woman was, though I had my suspicions. To be assured, between 10 and 11 o'clock one night, I might have been seen travelling away in the direction of the house containing the woman who seemed to be my evil genius. I found the house, I saw my husband and Mollie Thompson together, and oh! sir, I thought my heart would break. I returned home, and the next day I called on my neighbor, and I could not help but berate my husband for his continued ill-treatment. His replies were of a nature to still increase my anger, and I don't know what I did say. Finding that I had discovered their retreat, I went to the house, and I found them in the room, No. 212 Baymiller Street, where she remained unknown to me until a couple of weeks ago, when I found out where she was domiciled by watching her footsteps. Determined that the woman should be reformed, and that I would all of no avail, I disguised myself as a peddler—a seller of soap—and thus gained admission to the presence of Mollie, but my husband was not there. On Saturday last a week I again paid a visit to the house, and I found Mollie Thompson, who keeps the house, and found my husband in the room, who did not recognize me. In a few moments Mollie came out from an adjoining room *en deshabille*, and partly intoxicated, she came to the door, and she said to me:—"Now, woman, I told you not to come here any more." I merely remarked that I came here for my husband. "Your husband! Who is your husband?" "That man Mr. McLaughlin." "Why, that is my uncle William, and he has no wife." "Yes, I am his wife, and have the documents to show it." All the parties were taken by surprise, and Mollie caught hold of a "monkey-wrench" that lay close at hand, and striking towards me struck me two blows, when I drew my husband to my feet, who made the effort to ward off another blow Mollie had aimed at me, when she struck him a back-handed blow which staggered him back, then I caught the wrench from Mollie's hand, struck her a blow right over one of her eyes, and left the house. The only persons present at the time were my husband, Mollie, Mrs. Thompson, the keeper of the house, and Miss Alice Burns.

International Regatta at Paris.

An English paper says:—"A few days ago the secretary of the Hamble Rowing Regatta Club, at Hull, received a letter from her Majesty's Commissioner respecting an international regatta proposed to be held at Paris, probably in July." At Paris, and inviting the club to take part in the event. The Imperial Commissioners have devoted a sum of £800 for prizes at the regatta; and contributions have been promised by the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Edinburgh (£100 each), the Duke of Marlborough, Sir John Pakington, Mr. George Denman, and others. Boats entered for the races will be conveyed from London to Paris and back again free of charge. An arrangement for their care and custody will be made at Paris."

Death of an Ex-Congressman.—The Hon. J. Dixon Roman, formerly a member of Congress from Maryland, died at Hagerstown on Saturday last. He had been in bad health for a long time.

HORRIBLE AFFAIR IN MAINE.

Two Aged Women Cut to Pieces with an Axe at Auburn, Maine, in their Own House—The Crime Undiscovered for Four Days—Arrest of the Supposed Criminal.

From the *Johnston (Maine) Journal*, January 21.

On Saturday evening the lifeless and frozen bodies of Mrs. Susannah Kinsley, the widow of Justice Kinsley, aged about 64 years, and of Miss Polly Caswell, a maiden lady, aged about 67 years, were found horribly mangled in the house owned by Mrs. Kinsley, and occupied by both, about half a mile this side of West Auburn, on the road leading from that place to this city, and about four miles from here.

The condition of the bodies at once showed that a most shocking murder had been committed, all the circumstances of which known at the present writing are as follows:—Saturday night, about dusk, Mr. Isaac Libbey, a shoemaker, living the third house this side of Widow Kinsley's (perhaps the distance of a quarter of a mile, went to her house for the purpose of obtaining some shoes which she and Miss Caswell had been binding or stitching. He noticed that no track had been made to the door since the storm of Thursday, but that the door was open, nor of the fact that the two doors of the front side of the house were fastened, as the inmates were advanced in years and lived alone. He went to the side door and found it unlocked, and he proceeded to go in, with a prop leaning against it from the inside. This led him to notice that there was no smoke issuing from the chimney, and being somewhat startled, he proceeded to the nearest neighbor, Mr. O. K. Keith, about sixty or one hundred rods distant, and requested him to go with him to the widow Kinsley's. Mr. Libbey and Mr. Keith went back to the house of widow Kinsley, and passed around the buildings to the rear, where they found the door open, and snow blown into the small entry. The door leading directly from the entry into a small cook-room, perhaps eight feet square, as well as another leading from the cook-room into the sitting-room, were shut, and the door leading into the sitting-room, and looking around, the dim light of the moon, they discovered a white object on the floor—so suggestive of some horrible tragedy, that both gentlemen at once beat a hasty retreat, and proceeded to a neighbor's to obtain a lantern and assistance. Having procured both, they returned to the house and there discovered a scene which made the blood almost freeze in their veins. On the floor, across the doorway of an open door leading into the sitting-room, separating the sitting-room from a sleeping apartment, was stretched the lifeless body of Polly Caswell—her head and shoulders in the sitting-room, and her lower limbs in the sleeping-room. The body was lying on its back, and was covered with blood, and there were scattered about, and everything indicated that a terrible struggle had taken place. A broken chair, covered with blood, lay near the body, and evidence in itself that it had been used in aiding in the murder of Miss Caswell. Hardly had this terrible scene been realized before another still more horrible one presented itself. The body of Mrs. Kinsley was lying on the bed in a small bed-room about ten feet square, adjoining the sitting-room and connecting with it by a door, which was open, was the lifeless and ghastly body of the widow Kinsley. Her head and shoulders were lying on the floor, and her lower limbs were lying on the bed. 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